## NEW YORK'S FALL GUESTS.

*A GREAT ARMY OF VISITORS NOW IN TOWN.*

**They Crowd Broadway, Fill the Theatres and Eat Table d'Hote Dinners—Most of Them Inclined to Be Thrifty—The Millionaires Will Come Later.**

One who strolls into Broadway when the theatre crowds are starting homeward in these early autumn nights finds as much life there as in December. But the people one sees are not New Yorkers. The local theatre public is not in the city yet—that is to say, the public that buys expensive seats at the theatres.

The army that is just now filling the theatres every night is made up of invaders. They have come from all parts of the country to New York and are brought here by very different motives.

Some are on their annual trip for business; some have come for pleasure, and others are bound homeward from journeys to the watering places of the East.

To all who come, the stay in New York is meant to be a holiday. At the theatres and the restaurants these crowds are spending the money brought from other cities.

A New Yorker of moderately large acquaintance stood watching this street throng the other night and saw not a familiar face in the crowd that moved down Broadway, overflowing into the restaurants and hotels at different points. Large as New York is, it would be impossible for him to repeat the experience in winter. There would certainly be somebody in the lines of faces that he had seen before.

The absence of familiar faces is not the only proof that this is not a crowd of New Yorkers. The fact is also manifest from the speech of the men and women in it and from their appearance.

Many women are hatless and look about them as patronizingly as if they thought it really too bad that New York should be so provincial that her citizens did not walk bareheaded about the streets. There are unmistakable Southern voices and others that proclaim the Middle West as the place of their origin.

There are not many dress suits on the men, although the white and black of evening dress are met with occasionally. The women rarely possess that indescribable and vague cachet which, indefinite as it is, proclaims New York.

Out of the varied accents one hears occasional sentences as the tide flows down the street.

"Just to think of what you've got to pay for a seat in a theatre, though!" said a woman's voice. "Ours to-night cost us $2.50 apiece at the hotel. Why, in Texas we never pay over a dollar, and that's for something extra fine, like the Bostonians used to be or Frederick Warde. Usually the prices are only 75 cents for the best seats in the opera house."

Prices trouble these visitors considerably. The tariffs at the restaurants, as well as at the theatres, seem extravagant to persons accustomed to the schedules of other towns. It is for that reason that they like the table d'hôte.

"Why, it was wonderful," one will hear. "It only cost a dollar and you get two kinds of meat. Then there's chicken, and ice cream, and several kinds of cake. The other night we paid $7 for not half as much at a restaurant, just because we didn't think to say we wanted the table d'hôte."

So it happens that they favor this form of dining. In trolley cars they may be heard recommending this restaurant or that which supplies a good dinner at a fixed price. Various advantages of this house or that one are dwelt on with enthusiasm.

"Why, for 35 cents, you can get a fine breakfast that would cost you a dollar at the hotel. There's cantaloupe, and chicken, and eggs. Just go to the store and ask the elevator man to take you to the restaurant. It's on the sixth floor, just opposite the furniture department. Good as anything we've had in New York, and only 35 cents."

This friendly advice usually brings a return kindness in the form of an address at which the food is as good and as cheap.

The great mass of New York's visitors do not seek the most costly places in the city. They would never go to the new hotel that pretends to be at least 15 per cent. higher than any other in the city.

Such expensive places are kept up largely by out of town customers, but they are usually of quite another kind than the rank and file of the strangers now in town. They are the millionaires, delighted to find the opportunity to spend their money in an atmosphere of luxury.

"Wouldn't one of those dinners be enough for two?" was the question heard, the other night, after an enthusiastic description of a table d'hôte; "one person can't eat all that."

But the rigorous rule that forbids this division was explained.

Many of the men who come here to make purchases bring along members of their family, and the women are left alone, to wander in the shops during the daytime. Every car that travels down Broadway brings its group of women who have to be told by the conductor when they have reached a certain shop. Most of them learn the destination of the cars by asking whether or not they pass a certain store.

Sometimes the size of these parties swamps a car. Yesterday morning a car no more than comfortably filled was moving down Broadway, when, at Twenty-sixth street, a small army of women started to get aboard. Before the procession had ended and the conductor could ring the bell, the car was crowded to suffocation.

The entire party was headed for a downtown department store, and the car looked desolate when they got out.

"That crowd ought to hire a rubberneck wagon of its own," observed the conductor, as he looked back and saw a long line of cars behind him.

All of these visitors must have something new in styles to take home with them, and in the case of both men and women it is usually a hat that they select. Sometimes it is bought at one of the shops they have been visiting, and just as often it comes through a friend who gets it at a reduction, because he has a friend in the hat business. The men usually get their headwear at one of two well-known places, because there is nothing like the distinction of a hat of these brands in other towns.

Only the rich visitors do much shopping as a rule. The great majority of the sightseers to be met with on the streets now keep their money for the restaurants and the theatres. And in those places they will make it go as far as possible.

### Reply to Letter Came After 42 Years.

*From the Ottawa Herald.*

W. H. Clark received a letter from a cousin to-day in answer to one he had written here forty-two years ago. With his answer the cousin enclosed the original letter. It was written at Monmouth, Ill., March 4, 1862.

Shortly after writing the letter Mr. Clark joined the army and went to the front. His cousin was married and moved to Missouri and for years they have known nothing of each other's whereabouts. The cousin is now living in Blanchford, Ia. Near the close of the original letter is a sentence which reads: "Don't wait a year to answer this letter, but write a good long one." The answer which came to-day was a good long one, but it was a good long time in coming.

# WOMEN AT WORK IN THE FIELDS IN NEW YORK

WEEDING.

THEY FARM TOGETHER.

CARRYING WATER FOR DINNER

SHE HOES ALL DAY LONG.

It is the easiest thing in the world, sometimes, in some places of Greater New York, to imagine oneself across seas. Particularly is this true of the farm and field scenes of the city. Peasant women cultivating the crops suggest Millet, and the thought presents itself: Might not he, perhaps, awakened and set down in one of these little fields, fancy himself for the moment straying again in quaint old Barbizon?

The women farm workers that one sees here belong to the Italian and Polish races, to be sure; yet the peasant garb, the seamed and wrinkled faces, the sturdy figures, are like enough to some of that master's delineations to have stepped from his canvases. Generally speaking, these women are elderly and the city has no attraction for them that can compare in charm with this free outdoor life, which is one of the pleasant reminders of their old life and old home over the water.

The younger women of the same races are more Americanized and take to factory life very readily. "The call of the wild" does not stir their blood as it does that of the foreign born and reared mother and grandmother, who seem never too old to work.

"Da wom'n-a me countree work-a all-a time. Da wom'n-a dis-a countree all-a time stay in house. No good."

Thus does the husband and co-worker of an Italian field hand sing her praises as he speaks disparagingly of those of his own race who are too advanced, as it were, to take kindly to outdoor work.

It is no artistic notion on the part of the farmer that inspires him to employ women as help. They are cheap. They can pull as many weeds or hoe as many rows in a day as a man. They will work for a dollar a day and board themselves.

They walk unbelievable distances to and from work in order to save carfare, which would come out of their own pockets. From 6 o'clock in the morning to 5 or 6 in the afternoon constitutes the working hours of a day, but in busy times, such as the harvesting of early potatoes, which are rushed out while the price is high, the farm hands are required to be in the field at 4 o'clock of a morning without extra pay. This necessitates their arising as early as 2 o'clock.

This they do uncomplainingly, although after bending over all day long gathering potatoes into baskets one might tell you if you asked her: "Me sick-a da back," meaning that her back ached from weariness.

The woman with the hoe does not stop to "lean upon her hoe and gaze on the ground." She just hoes all day long, resting at noon while she eats her luncheon of bread and water. She brings the bread in a pail and then utilizes the pail to carry water in.

These field workers drink water almost continually as they work. That is why, according to the farmer, they are not strong. He says they are too stingy to live right, and that meat rarely finds its way to their table. But their wages certainly admit of few luxuries.

In their season the women pick berries at so much a quart; green beans at 12½ cents a bushel, squash at five cents a bushel and other products at a like price. In bean picking time they tell their friends, and twenty or more will be assembled in the field, when it takes on the appearance of a gala occasion.

They enjoy their work and chatter and sing in a merry fashion; but the crop is harvested in short order when so many are in the field, and often a quarter is as much as each one earns. Many women work on the farms with their husbands side by side in the field making hay, where the men do the heaviest part of the work, to their credit be it said, and picking tomatoes, where the men do the handling of the crates.

The women field workers do not consciously pose for the camera. Appealed to for a picture, they invariably answer with a shrug, as they turn away their faces, "Me no lik-a da pitch." It is likely the ruling passion is as strong in them as in all the sex. They would have no objections in holiday attire, but in their workaday garb it is a different matter.

It is the costume that adds to the picture. The brilliant purples, reds and yellows with which they deck themselves make a pleasing contrast against the duller tints of the field. A gay shawl or kerchief artistically draped over the head is the customary headgear.

A waist of one kind and color, always fitting tight the uncorseted figure, is worn, and a skirt of another. The nondescript shoes may be men's or boys', mated or not, it is all the same, and they very seldom fit. Some wear shoes going to work, then remove them until they go home at night. Sometimes they wear stockings—often not.

They seem to dress in layers. The outside layer, for show, is peeled off when they are ready for work, rolled in a bundle, laid aside with the dinner pail and donned at night before starting for home. The jewelry, too, with which the Italian woman decks herself lavishly—huge brass earrings, brooches, chains and rings—is taken off on her arrival at the field, rolled snugly in a bit of old rag or handkerchief and tucked in her bosom or a pocket until her street apparel is donned again at night.

A big gingham kitchen apron is usually the finishing touch to her costume. This serves as towel for both its wearer and her husband when they wash their hands, as they occasionally do, and as a napkin at dinner time. So it is trebly useful.

No matter how hard these women work, how much bending and stooping they do, they never acquire the round shoulders so easily taken on by American women. Their figures are erect and there is a grace and freedom in their carriage that any woman might be proud of. This is undoubtedly because of the burdens borne on the head, for they do not work constantly in the field.

In the fall they are busy preparing for winter by gathering coal and wood. Said an Italian laborer of his sixty-three year-old wife—his second—to whom he has been married seven years, in extolling her virtues.

"Me wom'n-a work all-a time. Me no buy wood-a da coal da seven-a year. Me wom'n-a pick-a da coal-a da dump. Fin'-a da wood-a da crick. Fix-a me cell-a da wint'. Firs' wom'n-a no work-a 'tall, no good. Dis-a good-a wom'n-a, all right."

He was very proud of the old lady who, quick, alert, and straight as a girl, evinced such aptitude for work.

When you see them once and bestow but a passing glance at these women toilers of the field you probably sum them up as a villainous lot. In so doing you make a mistake. Tarry with them a while or visit them now and then, and you will find them good natured and happy hearted.

Some of them sing all day long at their work. They are honest. They are generous and delight in showing appreciation of any little attention you may bestow.

This is more especially true of the Italian peasant women. Many of the Poles are of a surly disposition and resent your friendly overtures.

As the farms and fields of the city are acquired for building purposes these glimpses of rustic life must necessarily become more and more rare. They are very common now through some parts of Manhattan and in the old parts of Brooklyn, such as Flatlands and Gravesend. Women are busy in the fields these days gathering in the maturing crops and cultivating those of later growth.

## NEW YORK HAS THE HIGHEST AND THE LOWEST RAILROAD FARE.

Few New Yorkers realize that in this city people pay both the highest and the lowest railroad fares established in the United States. Both extremes are found on the same system, the Interborough. The maximum rate of 25 cents a mile exceeds that of the White Pass and Yukon Railroad in Alaska, while the minimum permits a twenty mile ride for a nickel.

A recent protest of New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad commuters called attention to the fact that for the four blocks between 129th street and Willis avenue a fare of five cents was charged by the Interborough company, which operates this short line. Thus at the rate of five cents for a fifth of a mile a 25 cent scale exists in Greater New York.

By allowing a passenger to ride from 177th street on the Third avenue elevated to the Battery, and then back to 155th street on the Sixth avenue, twenty miles, the corporation gives a twenty mile ride for five cents and thus reaches the other extreme.

While some New Haven railroad commuters were discussing the 25 cents a mile rate the other day some interesting facts about railroads were brought out.

"Even up in Alaska on the Yukon and White Pass you pay only 20 cents a mile," related one. "There the expensive construction and light traffic make such a rate legitimate. While I was there the proceeds from passenger traffic averaged only $7 a day over the whole road. But the freight made up for this deficiency."

"I think I've had the cheapest ride of any one here," said another man. "Over in the Himalayas I found the rate to be less than three mills a mile. You see, the rate is in proportion to the wage scale. A native earns so little he can't pay more than a third of a cent a mile.

"If he misses one of the few trains which run semi-occasionally he can afford to wait half a day, as his time is not valuable. Over here in America, if a man misses a train he is furious, even at an hour's delay, because his time is a big asset."

"One of the queer things about railroad rates is found up in the Adirondacks," said a third man. "From Lake Placid to Saranac Lake you pay $1 for a ride slightly under ten miles.

"You see, there is a State law permitting roads ten miles long or over to charge no more than 3 cents a mile. As this branch of the Delaware and Hudson is less by a few yards than ten miles it escapes the statute provisions."

"While striking at the Interborough for its 25-cent charge, we shouldn't forget the prosperous bit of railroad between Manhattan and Brighton Beach, a half mile for 5 cents," went on the man who had started the discussion. "About as good a holding as the Willis avenue branch."

"I'll wager I'm the only man here that ever started afoot from a station, as my train pulled out, and got to my destination in time to see the train pull in the station," was the contribution of one of the party. "Well, that is a trick easily accomplished out on the Colorado Southern.

"You can beat your train from Central City, Col., to Black Hawk, by brisk walking, for it is winding down a steep mountain while you are going afoot over a course many miles shorter."

"The oddest road I ever knew was the old Diamond Joe Line from Hot Springs to Malvern, Ark., back in the '70s," related another. "It was only twenty-five miles long and charged a high rate. It was the only road I ever knew to be built solely for one man.

"Old Joe Reynolds, or Diamond Joe, as he was called, ran the Diamond Joe Steamboat Line on the Mississippi, and was a great sufferer from rheumatism. Finally he got so tied up in a knot that he couldn't take the stage ride of twenty-five miles from Malvern to Hot Springs.

"Then Diamond Joe built himself a road so that he might enjoy the hot baths in his old age. Of course, when built it was used for regular passengers, but they paid for it.

"It was a boast of the road that no one could beat his way over it. To back up its assertion it offered a life annuity to any son of rest who could negotiate the distance without paying.

"One fellow tried it, but was caught en route, and though without money was forced to pawn his clothes to pay the fare. But one night a hobo got in the water tank stark naked, and, though nearly drowned, made the distance of twenty-five miles before being discovered. As he didn't have a cent's worth of chattels he won the reward and the life annuity."

### Ducks Flying Southward.

*From the Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"The recent cold spell brought the ducks down from the North in quite large numbers," said C. R. Crandall of Appleton, "but this warm weather will retard their southward flight if it continues a few days longer. Hunters took advantage of the cool spell, and were out on the marshes in their canoes in large numbers.

"Most of them were successful, too, as the bluebills and redheads are commencing to come down from the North and the teal and mallards are already well on their flight southward. Teal are unusually numerous this fall, but it is difficult to bag them in some places on account of the low water. It is expected that when all the fall ducks, including redheads, bluebills, and canvasbacks, arrive in large number the hunting will be even better than it was last season, which was a record breaker. Mud hens have come out plentifully this season, also, making their appearance within the last few days, and those hunters who are unfortunate in getting ducks are always able to get all the mud hens they want."

### *MR. CLEVELAND'S LONELY HOME.*

**A Spot in the Sandwich Mountains Too Desolate Even for Farmers.**

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 24.—Politicians and others who have sought ex-President Grover Cleveland at his new summer home at Sandwich, N. H., this summer are telling of the difficulties they encountered in reaching his retreat. Most of them express the opinion that Sandwich, Carroll county, is the "jumping off place." It certainly is very near to being the end of travel in the direction of the Ossipee and Sandwich mountains. All of the roads there have a habit of leading up to some secluded farmhouse and there stopping. Further on there is only a trail leading up the mountain.

It is a drive of something like a dozen miles to the Cleveland home, but more than one visitor has put the number of miles at twenty-five before he has covered the distance. The roads are rough and uneven. They wind through the valleys and over the hills, particularly over the hills. The early settlers in the region appear to have had a craving for travelling around on the mountain tops.

Mr. Cleveland's domicile is on the top of a hill in an open field. It is half a mile from the main road and is reached by a common cart path, which is uncommonly hard to travel over. The nearest post office is at Whitefall, three and a half miles away.

Everybody knows that Mr. Cleveland is fond of fishing. At Sandwich he is obliged to walk or drive six to ten miles to reach a pond, though there are several trout brooks within two or three miles of the house.

Sandwich is out of the way of steam cars, trolley lines and most other adjuncts of modern civilization. It is a good place in which to bury one's self. It is surrounded by forests seldom trod by men, and abounding in game. There are fewer houses and fewer people than there were thirty years ago.

Probably in no township in New England are there more abandoned farms than in this. The visitor discovers deserted farm buildings going to ruin in every direction, and all around is land which shows signs of once having been cultivated, but which has been abandoned to bushes and rabbits. It is a lonely region even for New England.

### Americans Greatest Meat Eaters.

*From Pearson's Magazine.*

Despite the fact that the census reports show that Americans are steadily drifting toward vegetarianism, we are still the greatest meat eaters in the world. Our meat still costs us every year $100,000,000 more than our vegetables, including imported vegetable foods. In the aggregate we Americans pay every year about $2,250,000,000 for food, or about $30 a year (for the raw food) for each person.

In addition to the foregoing it may interest you to know that among the meat foods the egg bill ($148,300,000) is greater than that for any other item except cattle ($482,000,000) and sheep ($170,000,000), and that the bill for milk, butter and cheese ($122,000,000) is nearly four times as large as that for fish, oysters and all other sea foods.

## MANY NEGROES PROSPEROUS IN BUSINESS IN NEW YORK.

Men who should know say that more negroes are now engaged in business in New York city than ever before. Negroes have invaded fields in business formerly occupied exclusively by white men and are succeeding as well as their white competitors.

It is estimated that the capital invested by negroes in business enterprises in this city amounts to something like $1,000,000. Perhaps the largest concern operated by negroes exclusively is a company headed by James Garner and Philip A. Payton, Jr., which was incorporated with a capital stock of $500,000 to deal in New York city real estate.

The formation of the company resulted from a movement to turn negro tenants out of West 134th and West 135th streets, which are given over almost entirely to negroes. In less than six months the company was in control of ten flathouses with an earning capacity of more than $5,000 a year.

A negro investment and building company on the cooperative plan has been in operation in Brooklyn for more than twelve years.

Some time ago two negroes opened a tailor shop in West Fifty-third street. In a short time the business made such progress that new quarters had to be secured. At first the firm dealt only in made to order clothing, but now it manufactures all sorts of garments, such as waiters' jackets, aprons, shirts and uniforms.

There is a grocery supply company on the same street controlled by negroes. The company has been in business a year and supplies the families of its stockholders and colored restaurants and hotels. In time the company intends to open branches throughout the city.

The largest housecleaning and renovating business in New York is controlled by a negro, James Garner. He started in 1880 and is looked upon as one of the wealthy negroes of New York. His parents were slaves, and when he began business he had to carry his own ladders and tools. Now he has horses and wagons and plenty of help.

There are eight colored undertakers in New York and Brooklyn.

A few weeks ago some negroes formed a company to publish popular music. Williams and Walker, the colored comedians, control the business. Sheppard Edmonds, the negro who composed the song "You Can't Fool All the People All the Time," is manager of the firm. It is said that it is the first concern of its kind in the country.

Over in Brooklyn S. R. Scottron, a negro, runs a large factory where he makes porcelain and onyx goods. He employs a large number of hands of his own race, who turn out pedestals, vases, bric-à-brac, statuary and lamps.

About six years ago a young negress opened a dressmaking shop on Sixth avenue. She did so well that at last she got a contract from Hurtig & Seamon, managers of Williams and Walker, to make all the dresses and costumes for the company. To-day she has one of the largest dressmaking establishments in town.

A colored tobacconist has made a fortune in the business. Other negroes have prospered as piano movers, livery stable keepers and furniture movers.

A hotel and restaurant on the West Side, where white and colored folks dine daily, is owned by two hustling negro brothers, and is doing so well that the owners are thinking of having a new hotel expressly built for them.

Up in Harlem a negro named Taylor runs a conservatory of music. He has a large class, which includes several white pupils. There is a colored dentist on Sixth avenue, who has a large practice among the white people. He employs negro dentists to help him.

Negroes in Brooklyn are prospering in the secondhand clothing business. One negro is the proprietor of two stores, and is thinking of breaking into Baxter street in the same line of business.

A negro runs a well equipped photographer's shop in Harlem. He has many white customers. Negroes have tried their hand in the fruit business in Brooklyn, and several of them are proprietors of well paying places.

A negro owns one of the most profitable drug stores in Brooklyn. He has been established for nearly fifty years.

A negro magazine published in New York is edited, printed and distributed exclusively by colored men

### Rat Story From South Africa.

*Johannesburg letter in the Field.*

There were a lot of rats in the storage room of my stable, and we had great difficulty in getting at them. They were shy of all traps, and did a tremendous lot of damage at night time, lying quiet all day.

At length I put in the room a square tin lined box, about two feet deep, and in it placed some burned cheese. The rats immediately got interested in the cheese climbed up the outside of the box, and, having got inside, could not ascend the slippery tin lining. In this way we killed a great many. One morning my children took a cat, who was a very good ratter, and placed it in the box, where there was already a good sized rat.

The cat, instead of tackling the rat, appeared to make friends with it. They put their noses together and frisked round, but no harm was done and eventually the cat jumped out, refusing to tackle the rat. The children then put in a keen dachshund, who immediately snapped at the rat and missed it. The rat ran around the box two or three times, dodging cleverly, and eventually, by climbing on the dog's back, adroitly jumped out of the box and escaped.

## LIONS SHUN THE WHITE MAN.

*AS HE ADVANCES IN AFRICA THEY RETREAT.*

**Story of the Driving of the King of Beasts Out of the German Settlements—Terror a Man-Eating Lion Inspires Among the Natives—Story of a Lion Hunt.**

A foreign member of the Geographical Congress had an interested group around him the other day at the luncheon between the sessions while he told stories of pioneering in Africa. A question about lions started a flood of reminiscence that lasted till the crowd scattered for the section meetings.

"The lion will not live where there are many white men," he said. "A large proportion of the whites who go to Africa are keen sportsmen, and the lion soon learns to shun this variety of the human race.

"Twenty years ago there was not a coast settlement in tropical East Africa that was not occasionally visited by lions. They would swoop down on the cattle or goats and now and then a man-eater would create the utmost terror and never leave the neighborhood where he had tasted human flesh. The only thing to do was to organize a big hunt, surround the jungle with hundreds of natives and leave no loophole of escape till the animal was slain.

"When the Germans first went to East Africa they never ventured into the streets of the coast towns after nightfall without carrying a revolver and a rifle. A prowling lion was likely to be met anywhere in the darkness.

"I remember one night one of our black men was pounced upon by a lion in the heart of the settlement. The unearthly howl the man set up and the wild commotion into which the town was instantly thrown so frightened the king of beasts that he left his prey and slunk back into the jungle. His claws had torn deep grooves in the man's scalp, but that was the only damage done.

"I suppose it is at least ten years since a lion has been known to visit one of the German settlements on the east coast. There are plenty of them in the interior, but as the white stations multiply and the natives in the service of the whites are armed with guns, it is becoming very uncomfortable for beasts of prey, and they are disappearing from the neighborhood of all the stations.

"One day, toward evening, in 1890, I strolled out of Bagamoyo, the coast port opposite Zanzibar, for a walk of a few miles in the country. I carried only a light walking stick.

"The sun was low in the west when I started back for the settlement. I soon saw that a hundred steps or so behind me a little Bantu girl, perhaps 10 years old, was following in my path, and about the same distance behind her were two native women.

"The night was fast closing in when I heard a shriek. Looking around the little girl was nowhere to be seen, but I noticed a rustle in the jungle grass off to one side. The two women were screaming 'Simba' (lion) at the top of their voices.

"The girl was certainly doomed. Being unarmed I could do nothing except to run at top speed to the little fort which the Germans had planted at the inner edge of the town. Twilight lasts only a few minutes in that latitude, and it was pitch dark by the time I reached the fort.

"A force of natives with white officers was sent out to beat the jungle, but nothing was found. Of course, the torches and the noise would frighten the animal away, but it was thought that at least the remains of his poor victim might be discovered. I believe no trace of the little girl was ever discovered, but this was not strange in such a sea of jungle.

"This man-eating lion was killed a few days later. There is much nonsense in the talk of the courage with which the greatest of African beasts of prey is endued. This particular animal saw me pass and let me go unscathed because I was a full grown man, but he pounced upon a little girl because he knew he could make her an easy victim.

"The lion disdains nothing in the way of animal food. Perhaps antelopes are his favorite, and he will wait hours for them by the paths along which they travel to the drinking places.

"But he will take anything he can kill, from a mouse to an elephant; and sometimes when game is scarce and the lion becomes thin and ravenous, he will even attack a man if he gets a good chance. When he becomes a man-eater there is nothing to do for the safety of the neighborhood but to hunt him to the death.

"The man-eater comes and goes like a ghost, and I have never seen anything more distressing than the panic into which a man-eating lion throws a native settlement. I remember one day we reached a native hamlet far on the road to Lake Tanganyika and found everybody in the greatest consternation.

"A lion had just run off with a half grown boy, the fourth member of the community whom he had killed in a fortnight. His visits had been made at various times of the day and night and there was not a moment's peace.

"We organized a hunt and with our native escort we were able to surround a considerable tract of jungle where the animal was believed to be lurking. We beat the bush for half a day and found nothing. We thought the ground had opened and swallowed the animal up.

"In the heat of midday, while we Europeans were resting in the shade, we heard a volley of shots from beyond the area where we had been hunting. The lion had come out of the high grass and was retreating along the valley of Upanga Creek, when our men caught sight of him.

"The range was short, some of the guns were rapid firing, and it took only a minute to end his career. One bullet broke his backbone, and still he tried to sit up and menace us with his paws, but it was only for an instant.

"He was a large and aged brute, with a ragged mane and sides that bore long scars that had evidently been made by thorns. He was anything but handsome. The best looking lions I ever saw are the sleek and well fed fellows in the zoological gardens. They know nothing of the stress of life, but the lion in his native jungle has many troubles.

"I never saw more heartfelt jubilation than that after the dead enemy had been borne in triumph to the village. The people were beside themselves with joy and crowded around with shouts of delight. The maidens, one after another, sprang over the body of the foe with laughter and song, chanting the praises of their own lion slayers and the prowess of the white man with his wonderful guns.

"If I had to express in a sentence or two all I know about lions I should say two things. One is that as a beast of prey he is a great nuisance, and I am glad of his tendency to disappear wherever the whites are getting a foothold; the other is that in lion hunting you need never expect that you will meet the same conditions twice.

"Every lion has his own peculiarities, and when you confront one in a fight you will find yourself face to face with special circumstances and emergencies. They have a phrase that is often used among the whites of German East Africa: 'Everything turns out differently from what one expects.' This is the case with lions."